



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

it was aisy to see that they chirped out their best notes in honour of the day. 'Good morrow on you,' said St. Patrick; 'what's the raison you're not goin' to prayers, my fine little fellow?'

'What's prayers?' axed the boy. St. Patrick looked at him with a very pitiful and calamitous expression in his face. 'Can you bless yourself?' says he. 'No,' said the boy, 'I don't know what it means?' 'Worse and worse,' thought St. Patrick.

'Poor bouchal, it isn't your fault. An how do you pass your time here?'

'Why, my mate (food)'s brought to me, an' I do be makin' kings' crowns out of my rushes, whin I'm not watching the cows an' sheep.'

St. Patrick sleeked down his head wid great dereliction, an' said, 'Well, acushla, you do be operatin' kings' crowns, but I tell you you're born to wear a greater one than a king's, an' that is a crown of glory. Come along wid me.'

'I can't lave my cattle,' said the other, 'for fraid they might go astray.'

'Right enough,' replied St. Patrick, 'but I'll let you see that they won't.' Now, any how St. Patrick underherstood cattle irresistibly himself, havin' been a herd-caudy (boy) in his youth; so he clapped his thumb to his thrapple, an' gave the Soy-a-loa to the sheep, an' behould you they came about him wid great relaxation an' respect. 'Keep yourselves sober an' fictitious,' says he, addressin' them, 'till this boy comes back, an' don't go beyant your owner's property; or if you do, it'll be worse for yez. If you regard your health durin' the approximatin' season, mind an' attend to my words.'

Now, you see, every sheep, while he was spakin', lifted the right fore leg, an' raised the head a little, an' behould when he finished, they kissed their foot, an' made him a low bow as a mark of their estimation an' superfluity. He thin clapped his finger an' thumb in his mouth, gave a loud whistle, an' in a periodical time he had all the other cattle on the hill about him, to which he addressed the same ondeniable oration, an' they bowed to him wid the same polite gentility. He then brought the lad along wid him, an' as they made progress in the journey, the little fellow says,

'You seem frustrated by the walk, an' if you'll let me carry your bundle, I'll feel obliged to you.'

'Do so,' said the saint; 'an' as it's rather long, throw the bag that the things are in over your shoulder; you'll find it the aisiest way to carry it.'

Well, the boy adopted this insinivation, an' they went ambiguously along till they reached the chapel.

'Do you see that house?' said St. Patrick.

'I do,' said the other; 'it has no chimley on it.'

'No,' said the saint; 'it has not; but in that house, Christ, he that saved you, will be present to-day.' An' the boy thin shed tears, when he thought of the goodness of Christ in saving one that was a stranger to him. So they entered the chapel, an' the first thing the lad was struck with was the beams of the sun that came in through the windy shinin' beside the altar. Now, he had never seen the like of it in a house before, an' thinkin' it was put there for some use or other in the intarior, he threw the wallet, which was like a saddle-bag, across the sunbeams, an' lo an' behould you the sunbeams supported them, an' at the same time a loud sweet voice was heard, sayin', 'This is my servant St. Kieran, an' he's welcome to the house o' God!' St. Patrick then tuck him an' instructed him in the various edifications of the larned languages until he became one of the greatest saints that ever Ireland saw, with the exception an' liquidation of St. Patrick himself."

Such is a faint outline of the style and manner peculiar to the narratives of Tom Grassiey. Indeed, it has frequently surprised not only us, but all who knew him, to think how and where and when he got together such an incredible number of hard and difficult words. Be this as it may, one thing was perfectly clear, that they cost him little trouble and no study in their application. His pride was to speak as learnedly as possible, and of course he imagined that the most successful method of doing this was to use as many sesquipedalian expressions as he could crowd into his language, without any regard whatsoever as to their propriety.

Immediately after the relation of this legend, he passed at once into a different spirit. He and Frank Magaveen marshalled their forces, and in a few minutes two or three dozen young fellows were hotly engaged in the humorous game of "Boxing the Connaughtman." Boxing the Connaughtman was followed by "the Standing Brogue" and "the Sitting

Brogue," two other sports practised only at wakes. And here we may observe generally, that the amusements resorted to on such occasions are never to be found elsewhere, but are exclusively peculiar to the house of mourning, where they are benevolently introduced for the purpose of alleviating sorrow. Having gone through a few more such sports, Tom took a seat and addressed a neighbouring farmer, named Gordon, as follows:—"Jack Gordon, do you know the history of your own name and its original fluency?"

"Indeed no, Tom, I cannot say I do."

"Well, boys, if you derogate your noise a little, I'll tell you the origin of the name of Gordon; it's a story about ould Oliver Crummle, whose tongue is on the look-out for a drop of wather ever since he went to the lower story. "This legend, however, is too long and interesting to be related here; we are therefore forced to defer it until another opportunity.

SEALS OF IRISH CHIEFS.

By George Petrie, R.H.A., M.R.I.A.

(Concluded from No. 45.)

THE next seal which I have to exhibit, belongs to a chief of another and nobler family of Thomond, the O'Briens, kings of the country, and descendants of the celebrated monarch Brian Boru. This seal is also from the collection of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and was purchased a few years since in Roscrea. Its type is unlike the preceding, as, instead of the armed warrior, it presents in the field the figure of a griffin.

The inscription reads, *Sigillum: Brian: I Brian.*



In the genealogies of this illustrious family, which are remarkable for their minuteness and historical truth, two or three chiefs bearing the Christi an name of Brian occur. But from the character of the letters on this seal, I have little hesitation in assigning it to Brian O'Brian, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, succeeded to the lordship of Thomond in 1343, and was killed in 1350.

The next seal which I have to exhibit is also from the Dean's collection, and, though of later date, is on many accounts of still higher interest than perhaps either of the preceding. It is the seal of a chief of the O'Neills, whose family were for seven hundred years the hereditary monarchs of Ireland.



This seal was found about ten years since in the vicinity of Magherafelt, in the county of Derry, and was purchased by the Dean from a shopkeeper in that town some years after. The arms of O'Neill, the bloody hand, appear on a shield, and the legend reads, *Sigillum Maurisius [Maurisii] ui Neill*. The name Maurisius, which occurs in this inscription, does not occur in the genealogies of the O'Neill family, and is obviously but a latinised form of the name Murtoigh or Muircheartach, which was that of two or three chiefs of the family; and of these I am inclined to ascribe this seal to Murtoigh Roe, or the Red O'Neill, lord of Clanaboy, who, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, died in 1471.

These are all the seals of Irish princes which have fallen under my observation. But there remain two of equal antiquity, but which belonged to persons of inferior rank, which

it may interest the Academy to see. The first, which is in my own collection, exhibits the figure of an animal, which I must leave to the zoologists of the Academy to describe, with the legend *Sigillum Mac Craith Mac I Dafid*.



The O'Dafys were an ancient family in Thomond, and are still very numerous in the county of Clare.

The next and last is from the cabinet of the Dean, and is very remarkable in having the head of a helmeted warrior cut on a cornelian within the legend, which reads, *Sigillum Brian : O'Harny*.



The O'Harnys are a very ancient and still numerous family in Kerry, descendants of the ancient lords of that country, and remarkable in history as poets and musicians.

I have only to add, that it will be observed that these seals are all of a round form, which characterises the seals of secular persons, while those belonging to ecclesiastics were usually oval.

ORIGIN AND MEANINGS OF IRISH FAMILY NAMES.

BY JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Fourth Article.

HAVING in the last article spoken of the origin of surnames in Ireland, and of the popular errors now prevailing respecting them, I shall next proceed to notice certain epithets, surnames, &c, by which the Irish chieftains and others of inferior rank were distinguished.

Besides the surnames, or hereditary family names, which the Irish people assumed from their ancestors, it appears from the authentic annals that most, if not all, of their chieftains had attached to their Christian names, and sometimes to their surnames, certain cognomens by which they were distinguished from each other. These cognomens, or, as they may in many instances be called, surnames, were given them from some perfection or imperfection of the body, or some disposition or quality of the mind, from the place of birth, or the place of fosterage, and very frequently from the place of their deaths. Of the greater number of these cognomens, the pedigree of the regal family of O'Neill furnishes examples, as Niall Roe, *i. e.* Niall the Red, who flourished about the year 1225, so called from his having red hair; Hugh Toineleach (a name which requires no explanation), who died in 1230; Niall More, *i. e.* Niall the Great, who died in 1397; Con Bacach, *i. e.* Con the Lame, who was created Earl of Tyrone in 1542. Among the same family we meet Henry Avrey, *i. e.* Henry the Contentious, Shane an Dimais, *i. e.* John the Proud. Of the cognomens derived from the places in which and the families by whom they were fostered, the pedigree of the same family affords several instances, as Turlogh Luineach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Luney, chief of Munterluney in Tyrone; Niall Conallach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnell, chief of Tircconnell; Shane Donnellach, so called from his having been fostered by O'Donnelly (An Four Masters, 1531 and 1567); and Felim Devlinach, so called from his foster-father O'Devlin, chief of Munter-Devlin, near Lough Neagh, in the present county of Londonderry. Various examples of cognomens given to chief-

tains from the place or territory in which they were fostered, are to be met with in other families, as, in that of O'Brien, Donogh Cair-breach, who was so called from his having been fostered by O'Donovan, chief of Carbery Aeva, the ancient name of the plains of the county of Limerick. In the regal family of Mac Murrough of Leinster, Donnell Cavanagh was so called from having been fostered by the Coarb of St Cavan, at Kilcavan, near Gorey, in Hy-Dea, in the present county of Wexford. This cognomen of Donnell has been adopted for the last two centuries as a surname by his descendants, a thing very unusual among Irish families. In the family of Mac Donnell of Scotland, John Cahanach was so called from his having been fostered by O'Cahan or O'Kane, in the present county of Londonderry.

In the pedigrees of other families, various instances are on record of cognomens having been applied by posterity to chieftains from the place of their deaths; in the family of O'Neill, for example, Brian Chatha an Duin, or "of the battle of Down," was so called by posterity from his having been killed in a battle fought at Downpatrick in the year 1260; in the family of O'Brien, Conorna Siudaine, from the wood of Siudain in Burren, in which he was killed in the year 1267; and in the family of Mac Carthy, the celebrated Fineen Reanna Roin, from his having been killed at the castle of Rinn Roin in the year 1261, after a brilliant career of victory over the English.

On this subject of cognomens and sobriquets among the Irish, Sir Henry Piers wrote as follows in the year 1682, in a description of the county of Westmeath, written in the form of a letter to Anthony Lord Bishop of Meath, and published in the first volume of Vallancey's *Collectanea*:—

"Every Irish surname or family name hath either O or Mac prefixed, concerning which I have found some make this observation, but I dare not undertake that it shall hold universally true, that such as have O prefixed were of old superior lords or princes, as O'Neal, O'Donnell, O'Melaghlin, &c, and such as have Mac were only great men, viz, lords, thanes, as Mac Gennis, Mac Loghlin, Mac Doncho, &c. But however this observation [may] hold, it is certain they take much liberty, and seem to do it with delight, in giving of nicknames; and if a man have any imperfection or evil habit, he shall be sure to hear of it in the nickname. Thus, if he be blind, lame, squint-eyed, grey-eyed, be a stammerer in speech, be left-handed, to be sure he shall have one of these added to his name; so also from his colour of hair, as black, red, yellow, brown, &c; and from his age, as young, old; or from what he addicts himself to, or much delights in, as in draining, building, fencing, or the like; so that no man whatever can escape a nickname who lives among them, or converseth with them; and sometimes so libidinous are they in this kind of railery, they will give nicknames *per antiphrasim*, or contrariety of speech. Thus a man of excellent parts, and beloved of all men, shall be called *grana*, that is, naughty or fit to be complained of; if a man have a beautiful countenance or lovely eyes, they will call him *Cueegh*, that is, squint-eyed; if a great housekeeper, he shall be called *Ackerisagh*, that is, greedy." (*Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 113.)

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the Irish families increased, and their territories were divided into two and three parts among rival chieftains of the same family, each of the chieftains adopted some addition to the family surname for the sake of distinction. Thus, among the O'Connors of Connaught we find O'Conor Don, *i. e.* O'Conor the brown-haired, and O'Conor Roe, or the red-haired. This distinction was first made in the year 1384, when Torlogh Don and Torlogh Roe, who had been for some time in emulation for the chieftainship of the territory of Shilmurphy, agreed to have it divided equally between them; on which occasion the former was to be called O'Conor Don, and the latter O'Conor Roe. (See *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Charles O'Conor*). It is now supposed by many of the Irish that the epithet Don postfixed to the name of the chief of the O'Connors is a Spanish title! while those who are acquainted with the history of the name think that he should reject it as being a useless sobriquet, and more particularly now, as there is no O'Conor Roe from whom he needs to be distinguished. It is true that the O'Conor Don might now very lawfully be called the O'Conor, as there is no O'Conor Roe or O'Conor Sligo, at least none who take the name; but as he had borne it before O'Conor Roe disappeared, we would not advise it to be rejected for another generation, as we think that an O'Conor Roe will in the meantime make his appearance, for we are acquainted with an individual of that name who knows his pe-